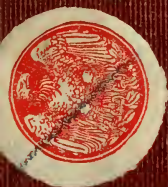


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A TINY SPARK

BY

CHRISTINA MOODY



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A TINY SPARK

BY

CHRISTINA MOODY



Washington, D. C.
MURRAY BROTHERS PRESS

1910

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PREFACE.



HIS little volume is composed of verses, written at different times, in my leisure hours, as an expression of the author's varying states of mind, or for the gratification of friends.

It makes no pretensions to literary merit, but will find its aim accomplished if it should prove a pleasure to friends, or a means of leading a devout heart to a more cheerful confidence in God.

CHRISTINA MOODY.
(Age 16 Years.)

Washington, D. C.
December 1, 1910

DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER AND FATHER

INDEX.

	Page.
'To My Dear Reader	7
The Love of a Slave Mother	8
The Soldier's Letter	9
Chillun and Men	10
The American Flag	12
The Negro's Flag and Country	13
Advice from Uncle Enoux	15
Alone	16
I am Happy, dat is all	17
What the Master Said	18
Spring	18
Ol' Man Rain P'ease Go Away	19
The Depth From Whence We Came	21
My Mother	23
The Child	24
Resolve For Today	24
Manish Tom	25
Our Faithful Guide	25
The Little Seed	26
The Christian	27
Slack Religion	28
Mary Lue's Lover	30
To Memory of Rev. George W. Lee	31
My Prayer	33
When I'm Dead and Gone	33
The Forsaken Mother	34
Sam Found Something New & Mammy she did too	36
Mary's Little Goat	37
A Tale Told by Grandma	38
The Pie Sister Made	41
A Verse for Dark Days	41
The Night is Fast Approaching	42
Love and Hate	42
Sampson No. 2	43

A TINY SPARK

To My Dear Reader.

Don't criticize my writing
Cause I ain't well trained you know
I hab al-ways been so sickly
Dat I haben had much show.

Don't laff and ridicule me
Cause 'twill make me feel ashamed,
For I knows dat I ain't great
Nor neither have I fame.

Some of dese poems you'er reading
Was written long ago,
When I was jist a little kid
Of thirteen years or so.

Don't criticize my poems,
'Cause I wrote 'em all for you;
I ain't had much training
'Tis de best dat I can do. .

And if you find's my book
Ain't good as t'ought to be,
Jist leave it to my ignorance
And don't you laff at me.

The Love of a Slave Mother.

Just between the dawn and daylight
Down by the Swany River shore
Crept a slave mother with her child
Clasped to her bosom tight.

She looked upon her and whispered
“So Mas’er was gwine to sell you
And we’s done run away.

Now Mas’er won’t see us no mo’
T’will de break of Judment day.”

She casted her eyes toward heaven
And sent up a silent prayer
That Jesus the King of Glory
Would take her and baby there.

Just as the Sun of heaven
Kissed the earth with its blessed light
She whispered softly to baby
“Cling to yo’ mother tight.”

Within that very moment
The sound of a splash was heard,
And silence came over the waters
As though nothing had occured.

But upon the morning breezes
Rose a soft and tender sound,
It floated to her master’s house
And lingered upon his ground.

“So Mas’er was gwine to sell you
And we’s done runaway
And Mas’er won’t see us no mo’
T’well de break of Judgement Day.”

The Soldier’s Letter.

Dear Mother, it gives me bitter pain
To break this news to you,
That I, your son, am dying,
But dying brave and true.

I know when you receive this
Your heart will break in twain,
But mourn me not, dear Mother,
For I do not die in vain.

Some of our bravest soldiers
Are lying cold and still,
They shed their blood most freely,
In the fight on San Juan’s Hill.

Let your heart be filled with pride
For the Negro boys fought well;
They faced that fearful battle
Fearing neither shot nor shell.

I have not forgotten, dear mother,
How—the day I marched away—
You said, “My son, for mother’s sake
Don’t forget to pray.”

I've kept your bidding, mother,
For I've prayed both day and night,
And on San Juan's bloody hillside
In the thickest of the fight,
Found my prayer ascending upward
To the King above the heighth.

I fear not Jordan's billows
Though they do fiercely roll;
I'm safe in Jesus, the anchor of my soul.
I can hear his voice a calling
I know my work is done;
Meet me in heaven, mother,
From your true and loving son.

Chillun and Men.

W'ats dat fretting mammy's chile?
You'se enough to set me wile.
Stop my work and play wid you?
Hum, dats a pritty ting to do.

Here's I got dis fish to fry—
Hush, honey don't you cry—
Dar now, dar now, shut right up.
Lause dat youngon's broke my cup.

Le' go dat po cat's tail—
Why I just soon be in jail—
Don't you know dat cat will scratch
Land of goodness give me dat match.

Set yo' se'f down in dat chair;
And you jest move, sur, if you dare;
Take yo' hands off dat air fish--
Holy smokes dar goes de dish.

Good ting my hands is in dis doe,
If dey weren't I'd whip you sho.
Getting sleppy? well I guess,
Lay down dar and take yo' res'.

Don't you lemme see you move,
Turn over dar take off dem shoes.
Look what a mess dis room is in,
Tings am stroned from end to end.

Above all tings I do declare,
Jest look'er yonder at dat chair.
I never seed sich in all my life,
Dat youngon's hacking it wid a knife.

Here comes Ben, well I be bless,
What'll he say about dis mess?
Chillun and men, chillun and men;
When a 'oman gits married
Then hur troubles begin.



The American Flag.

Wave on, old Flag, with all thy might!

Wave on, and show thy colors bright!

Wave on, oh, Flag of Liberty!

You are welcome to wave in the land of the
Free.

You've sparkled your stars, you've waved
your stripes,

To wave you have tried in the stormiest night
Once all around you cannons roared like
thunder,

And shots fired through you rent you asunder
But on waved the threads, all left of thee,
Waved on until our country was free.

God the mighty and the just

Has given thee, oh Flag, to us.

You deserve more honor than we can give to
thee

For you represent to us our Liberty.

All we can do, is look at you and say,

"You are the greatest of all Flags today."

The Negro's Flag and Country.

“Why do you write of the American's Flag,
Of its stripes of red and white?
And why do you call a flag your own
To which you have no right?

Why do you praise the white man's flag,
When you have not one of your own?
And why do you love this country
When this country is not your home?”

These words were said to me by a member of
my race.

The fire was kindled within me as I looked him
in the face.

I call this Flag *my own*, because long years
ago

A war broke out for freedom and the land
was full of woe.

The white man old and young fought with all
their strength and might.

But they found the field was pretty hot, then
the Negro joined the fight.

The Negro shed his blood without a murmur
or complaint,

And though they faced many a hardship,
their brave hearts did not faint.

My claim upon this country is sealed with
Negro blood.

That swept many a battle field in royal crimson flood.

I claim it, yes! I claim it! because for many
years.

We have mourned the loss of our heroes with
bitter hearts and briny tears.

Give me back my death bound warriors, and
I'll bow my head and cease:

But no! they are gone, yes gone forever, so let
their bones rest on in peace.

Then sing it in the school house, then cheer
the Negro's Flag.

Ring it in the school bell, don't let its banners
drag.

Sing of the Negro heroes who fought in the
days of yore;

Sing it until it echoes on the banks of eternity's
shore.

The Negro's Flag and country, long may
thy glory shine,

And know ye that I, a Negro, claim the
Royal Flag as mine.

Advice From Uncle Enoux.

Mother, train yo' chillun jest de way yo'd hab
'em go,

'Cause jest like you bends de saplin, da't de
way its gwine to grow.

Father, teach yo' sons jest de ting yo'd hab
'em know,

'Cause de way you aims yo' arrow dat's de way
its gwine to go.

Now don't you tink yo' chillun is too good to
learn to work,

'Cause a little bit a hardship, now and den
aint gwine to hurt,

For dey's got one ting to learn, and dat is—
neber shirk

If dey's workin' in a office or a'diging in de dirt.

You may hab plenty money, and a plenty
something eat

And may leave it to yo' chilluns when you
lays you down to sleep;

And evyting at first will run right smooth
and sweet

T'well de money dat you left 'em gine to
sneak, and sneak, and sneak.

Den if you aint taught 'em nothing, but to set
and hold dey hands

Dey can't earn demselves a libing, and a'how
you spose dey can?

Den dey'll end up in de po' house, 'cause 'tis
jest is true and show

Dat de way you aim yo' arrow, dats de way its
gwine to go.

Alone.

I think 'twould been nice if mamma had stayed
And had not gone to heaven so soon;
And happy I'd been if my little brother Jim
Had not followed her to the tomb.

T'was just yesterday when they layed father
away,
And left me in the wide world alone
Don't make the parlor cheerful,
Don't turn the gas light on,
For it brings back sad memories
Which pierce my heart like a thorn.

No mamma to read by the fireside,
No brother to kiss and chide,
No more smiles from father
I wish that I too had died.

If I should wander in the orchard,
Oh! my heart, what do I see?
Only our favorite play ground under the old
oak tree.
But instead of mamma's hammock and brother's
swinging chair.
Three newly made graves, side by side, lie there.

I Am Happy--Dat Is All.

When I see's de nice white snow
Den dar's fun fur me I know.
De winds may blow, and storms may rise,
And clouds may gather in the sky;
But I gits my sled and slicks de rounds,
And away I shoots across de ground.

When de rain come pouring down,
I trys to pout and trys to frown,
But when I looks up on de she'f
Dar's something dar dat takes my bref,
—Dat ol' Banjo.

When de wind does howl and blow,
What shall I do, whar shall I go?
Down by the fire I stretch myse'f,
Like a little birdy in her nest;
And while de wind does weep and wail
Grandpa tell me old time tales.

Oh! I's happy as kin be,
No kind ob weather troubles me,
I loves de Summer in its bloom,
I loves de Winter in its gloom,
I loves de Spring, I loves de Fall,
I am happy—dat is all.

What the Master Said.

“Suffer little children to come unto me,”
The Master said one day
I am the light, in Me is no darkness,
I am the only true way.

He that beleiveth and is baptized
Beyond this world his treasure lies;
And he that in My foot path-tread,
Sweet I'll make his dying bed.

Spring.

The violets at last have awoke,
Their underground cells they have broke;
The birds again are on the wing,
Singing of the beautiful Spring.

Leaves are hanging on the trees,
Dancing at every passing breeze;
And the sky is clear and blue—
Everything in Spring seems new.

The pretty dandelion with its golden head,
And the grasses and clovers have left their
bed;
Mother Nature has made her call,
Now the Glory of God surrounds us all.

Ol' Man Rain, P'ease Go Away.

Rain, Rain, go away.
Us little chilluns wants to play.
Got to stay in de house all day,
If ol' Man Rain don't go away.

W'ats de use in powing down
Like you wants to see us drown?
Wish dat you would'en stay,
Ol' Man Rain, p'ease go away.

Got de place all soaking wet,
Front do' swollen so 'twont shet:
Can't you see you'se in de way?
Ol' Man Rain p'ease go away.

Mammy's cross as de ol' scratch,
Papy's techus as a match.
How long is you gwine to stay?
Ol' Man Rain, p'ease go away.

Fido he's a fussing
And a biting at de cat,
And I recon if dey keep on
Dey will end up in a scrap.

Wat's de use of keep on drapping
And a being in de way,
When you knows for yo' se'f,
Dat us chilluns wants to play?

Grandma setting in de corner
Smoking of hur pipe,
I just said one word to hur
And she just made me kite.

You haden ought to bother
Round in tother fokes' way
And I wish to goodness,
Dat yo'd 'pease go away.

Grandpap he's a squalling
And a'moaning wid de gout,
And mammy keeps on fussing
'Twell she's most put me out.

Look! look! What dat I see?
Sun a shining through de tree,
Rain done took hur heels and flew,
Sky done turn from black to blue—
Look, de rain-bow's in de sky—
Ol' Man Rain, good-by, good-by.



The Depth From Whence We Came.

My fore-parents were slaves,
I'm not ashamed to say;
Though many a one disdains the fact,
And fain would drive it away.

Why should we be ashamed to know
Of the depth from whence we came?
When we see the progress of our race—
They have risen from slavery to fame.

We once were crushed to the earth
And bound with a heavy chain,
And a seal was put upon us
"Thou shall lose and never gain."

How tight that chain did hold us,
And the seal, how well it did last,
While the Negro toiled on and grew weary,
The chain and the seal held fast.

For many long years did he toil thus,
With no sign of deliverance near;
To God he prayed with patience,
But it seemed that He did not hear.

The old men died and left the yoke
For the younger ones to bear
The young men grew old and others were born
With the chain of slavery to wear.

But before the earth was created,
God saw the slave bound man;
He wrote in His holy scripture
“Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hand.”

After many years of slavery
God’s lightening was seen in the sky,
His voice was heard in thunder saying,
“Let the Negro rise.”

Lo! the chain was broken,
And the seal was torn away;
The Negro saw in the heavens
The dawn of his coming day.

He shook the dust from his shoulders,
And stood face to face with the world
He has proved his grit and courage
Though rocks at him were hurled.

He grasped every opportunity
And rose in spite of all,
Whenever duty demanded him
He did not need be called.

You have risen, oh Mother Race,
So be thou not ashamed,
Let the once cursed name of Negro
Stand for the word of Fame.

My Mother.

I have friends, yes I can't count them that
have been so kind to me.

My relatives too have I that I love affection-
ately

But there is one I have not named, whom I
love above all others

Who's name is sacred, sweet and charm-
ing—'tis my mother.

Her eyes are full of a mother's love,

They are soft and tender as those of a dove.

When she speaks I only hear sweet music ring-
ing in my ear

No other hand can sooth my pain

Or drive sorrow back with fierce disdain

But my mother.

No! I have not forgotten my father, who is
loving, kind and good,

Who has always done as much for me as any
father could.

His eyes too are tender, his voice is low and
sweet,

He brightens our home with his loving deeds,
his presence is always a treat.

But, my mother! She's my mother you
know

No matter who else there may be,

And I just can't help from thinking

There is nobody like her to me.

The Child.

Precious to my heart is this sweet little child
Come my dear, just one kiss, rest here awhile.

Nestle closer to my breast,
Slumber there, oh! thou blessed
Fair little flower.

Thou little one knows no care,
Dwells in castles built of air,
Would there I too could share
Thy little bowers.

Resolve For Today.

Another day has dawned, another day has
broke

To toil for the Master and to bear His right-
eous yoke.

And though the day be sulky, and dry for
want of rain,

And our feet tired and weary, and our bodies
full of pain,

We'll take the gospel plow and plow up the
field of sin,

And we will sow seeds of kindness where the
thorns of sin have been.

Manish Tom.

When little Tom was five years old
He received a watch of solid gold
Said he, "I am a little man
And as brave as any in this land."
But a'last, a dog came in sight
And put poor manish Tom to flight.

Our Faithful Guide.

I lay me down in peace to sleep and I think
not of the morrow,
Yet I know not whether it will bring to me
joy or sorrow.
But still I slumber peaceful and leave it all
to Him,
Who rules the earth and heaven, mortal and
immortal men.
And if we always trust Him with our tiny
might
He'll safely lead and guide us through the
day and night.

The Little Seed.

A little seed fell to the earth,
'Twas the seed of an apple tree.
'Twas too small to grow I could plainly see—
Why it was'nt as large as a pea.

But the little seed planned of days to come,
When his body would be great and tall,
But how could that be, when he was so wee,
He could scarcely be seen at all?

By and by the seed broke in twain,
'Twas the death of him I said,
But instead of death, a pretty stem
Lifted up his little green head.

The stem grew up with perfect grace
And looked with wondering eyes,
At the painting of Nature's wonderfull art,
Until he became very wise.

Little leaflets too came forth,
With beauty that can't be told.
So the seed that was wee, grew into a tree
'Twas a wonderful sight to behold.

The Christian.

I is on my way to heaben,
Steady bound fur cannons shore.
I has turned my back on Satin
I don't like dis world no more.

I has got de sword of truth
Holding fast in my right hand,
And I's gwine to cut and slash old Satin
Twell I reach de promis land.

Life I know won't be so smooth now
Stumbling blocks is in de way.
But dey aint a gwine to hender
If I ondly wach and pray.

Don't you tink by me a talking,
Dat I's tink myself so strong,
Cause I aint, I's weak and sinful,
But I knows de right from wrong.

I can't preach like brother Jacob
Nor can I sing like sister Green
But I can tell anybody of
The one on which I lean.

I can tell you how he suffered
When he died on Calvry's tree:
I can tell ob how in Glory
Jesus pleads for you and me.

I can tell ob wonderous mercy
Dot he showed to my po' soal;
How he helt de hand of justice,
Under mercy's sweet control.

How when I has most forgot Him,
And wanders out in depth of sin,
How His voice so sweet and tender
Calls me back to Him again.

So it aint no use in loving
All these fadeing earthly things,
I hab set my heart on heben,
And I'se gwine to meet de King.

Slack Religion.

Folks is getting mighty slacky,
Dese days dey don't pray no mo'
And when Jesus comes a knocking, dey jist
turns Him from de do.'
Went down Sally's house las' night and she
ups and says to me,
"Look'er here, sister Mandy Jinkens come go
to de dancing bee."
Den I turned in mazing wonder, sot my
eyes on dat air gal
And I said in soder whisper, "Show'ly you
don't mean dat, Sall?"

Why 'twas jest last quarterly meeting dat you
shouted up so high,
Thought upon my word and honor, dat yo'd
showly touch de sky;
And all de benches round you was a gwine
right an' lef;
And now, Miss Sally Carline, has you layed
dat on de she'f?"

Den she walled dem great big eyes of her'n
and looked at me jest so,
And she got me kinder han'cap'ed 'twell I
coulden say no mo.'

Den she said, "Why, sister Jinkens, dancing
aint no harm
And I'm gwine to dance all I want to, 'twell
de brake of Judgement morn."

Now Sally Carline Johnson can go rite on hur
way,
But you bet yo' life dat Mandy aint a gwine
to git too gay
And I aint gwine to lose my 'ligon, and I
aint gwine git too prowd,
But I's gwine join my Jesus, when He comes
up on de cloud.



Mary Lue's Lover.

Sambo he aint true

Bo! Ho! Bo! Ho!

He's gone to loving little Miss Drew
Jest de thing I thought he'd do.

Bo! Ho! Bo! Ho!

I aint crying fur him you know

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

But he hurt my feelings so

I aint gwine speak to him no mo.'

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

I'll snub dat man as show's I live,

Dat I will, Dat I will.

I'll go by him with Willie Till

Den I guess he'll hab a chill.

Dat I will! Dat I will!

Guess he t'inks he's ac'ing smart,

Oh me! Oh my!

I aint goin'er let him break my heart

By and by I'll have my lark.

Oh me! Oh my!

Never seen him 'twell last May

Hate him worser every day

Oh! Oh! Sam Bo!

I have lovers by de sco

Bo! Ho! Bo! Ho!

I don't want him any mo
If he comes I'll shut my do'.

Bo! Ho! Bo! Ho!

He ain't goner make me lose my grace
Oh! Dear! Oh! Dear!

Here he comes I'll wipe my face,
Pin my dress Jane, do make haste.

Oh! Dear! Oh! Dear!

Is that you Sam, well come right in
'Teehe! 'Teehe!

You're looking lonesome, how've you been?

'Teehe! 'Teehe!

How's de darling little Miss Drew,
Show'ly she aint jilted you?

'Teehe! 'Tehee!

I's been mighty lonesome Sam,
Glad you'se back, indeed I am.

To the Memory of Rev. George W. Lee.

“He is gone!” our elder deacon said,
“He took his heaven bound flight,
The world looks on and says, ‘He is dead,’
But he lives in the land of light.”

And while the deacon spoke thus
Every eye was wet with tears,
For we had lost one of the noblest men
That had lived in our country for years.

The deacon said, "Let us rise and in one great
body pray

The prayer our blessed Saviour taught his
twelve disciples to say."

And our voices were lifted to heaven, in a
mournfull and grief stricken tone,
And God sent us down a blessing, from
around the dazzling white throne.

We have lost a noble hero, who's place can
never be filled,

And though years may pass away, yet his
memory will ever live.

'Twas in the morning he took his flight to the
land of the blessed,

And I know that Reverend Lee, was glad to
go to rest;

For many a time I've heard him say, when
death's chilly stream was passed,

How he'd lay his head on Jesus breast, and
cry, "I am home at last!"

So let him rest and mourn him not, since we
know it will not be long

Ere we too shall follow in his steps, and join
the happy throng.

My Prayer.

In the morning when I arise, a little pray I
pray:

“Lord keep my heart and tongue from wrong
Throughout the live-long day.”

And when the evening shadows fall a little
song I sing:

“Oh! may this weary soul of mine, soon go to
meet its King.”

And when the night comes and I lay me down
down to rest,

I pray a thankful prayer, for I know I have
been blessed.

And my soul within me whispers:

“Lord, watch thy humble child.”

And I know my prayer is heard,

For I feel the Saviour's smile.

When I'm Dead and Gone.

When I'm dead and gone don' weep and wail
fur me

'Cause I's a gwine to heben to sing a Jubilee.

And when you carries me to de church, don'
bow yo' head and cry

'Cause I t'ink 'tis a blessed thing, dat man was
made to die.

I don't want to stay and suffer in this lowly
land of sin
So when I's dead and gone to heben clear yo'
throat and say, "Amen."
When you carries me to the grave, and lays
my bones beneath de sod,
Jest remember dat my spirit lives above de
world wid God.

Don' you drap yo' lower jaw, 'twell yo' face is
two yards long,
Don' you drap yo' se'f in moaning, don' you
sing no moanfull song;
'Cause way up yonder in glory around the
glassy sea
My po' soul a gwine to shout a mighty Jubilee.

The Forsaken Mother.

I am all forsaken, an outcast all alone.
My children all have left me,
Their hearts have turned to stone.
My husband died and left me with little
children four
And it was all that I could do
To keep poverty from our door.
There was Willie, Johnie, Fannie and Bess—
I worked for them and did my best.
Through honesty I raised them everyone,
'Twas a hard task, but alas it was done.

My children married and settled down.

Fannie went away to live,
But the others stayed in town.

I went to live with Bess,
The youngest of them all,
She said there was not room enough,
The house was very small.

I went to live with Willie,
But his wife said to me
That she thought there was not
Room enough in the house for three.

My feet were tired and weary,
My humble heart was sore,
As I slowly trudged along
To find my Johnnie's door.

But Johnnie said, "Mother you can't stay
here,
For I rent my rooms, house rent is dear,
If it were not for that you could welcomely
stay.
But you see for my rooms you are not able to
pay."

Then, "Son," said I, "to the poor-house
I must go."
And on I trudged to the poor house, with my
heart full of woe.

"O, God, bless my children," the poor woman
cried,
Then she casted her eyes toward heaven
And bowed her head and died.

Sam Found Something New and Mammy did too.

I wants somet'ing new to do,
I'se tired of workin' an' playin' too,
So I guess I'll git upon de she'f
An' pitch into t'ings an' he'p myse'f.

Corse I knows dat hit aint right
But my jaws feels likes dey wants to bite.
But how's I gwine to git up dar?
Oh, I knows, I'll git a cha'r.

Jist look—Lor's, dar's chicken pie;
I eat my fill, unless I die.
Dar's apple pie and ginger cake,
'Tis 'nuff to make your jaw bone shake.

Well, I guess I'll 'gin to eat,
I'll first start on de chicken meat;
And de pie nex' I t'ink I'll take,
And den I'll hab de ginger cake.

Dis am my lucky day, whoopee!
Oh! hère comes mammy Lawdy me!
Wat' you doin' up dar, Sam?
War's my strap—lam! de! lam!

Stealin' eh! you rascal you,
You jist wait 'twell I git thro'.
Bip! Bam! "Oh! Mammy! wow!"
Bam! Bam! "Oh, Lawdy! Ow!"

“I aint neber goin’ steal no mo’ ”
Bip! Bang! “You’ll kill me sho’
Oh! Lawdy, hear my humble cry,
’Cause I b’lieve I’s gwine to die.”

Mary’s Little Goat.

Mary had a little goat
With wool upon his back;
And every time the goat did wrong,
He got a little slap.

He followed her to school one day,
And butted all around,
After Mary got him home,
She whipped him good and sound.

She carried him to the sea-shore
And took him to the bay,
When the tide was coming in,
He’d butt the tide away.

She carried him for a motor ride,
To see the country fair,
He butt the chauffeur out the car
Away up in the air.

She carried him to the country
To get a little fat,
He chased the cows and butt the pigs,
And fought duels with a cat.

She carried him to a circus;
So he thought he'd butt the clown
But he didn't stop a butting,
'Till the tent was up side down.

So Mary took her goat
And whipped him 'till he cried,
And gave him bread and water
Until he up his heels and died.

Then Mary had his funeral,
And she wept for her dead;
But late that night he rose again
And butt her out of bed.

A Tale told by Grandma.

I was seting in de cabin do',
One moon shin' summers night,
When I heard a mighty noise,
An' I seen a mazing sight.

Some soldiers was a coming,
Jest a tearing down de road
And dey busted Mis'us do' in
An' thro' de house dey poured.

Mis'us had hur bacon,
All packed up in de wall,
But de soldiers broke de wall in
And I clar' dey took it all.

Dey called out po' ol' Hanner,
An' dey made her cook some meat
An' I can't begin to tell you,
How dem Yankee men did eat.
Dey caught every chicken,
An, dey killed every pig
An' Mis'us had histericks
'Twell she far'ly danced a jig.

Den dey went in de garden
An' dey striped de place right bare
Left de place a lookin'
Like a syclone passed thro dar.
Den dey went in de barn,
An' took de co'n and wheat
An' dey clared de hol' plantation
Of eberyting dats fit to eat.

Dey took all of Mis'us wine,
An' dey camp out on de place
An' de way dem soldiers carried on
I tinks it am disgrace.
Some of 'em got toxicated,
An' dey cracked de wo'ses jokes
An' dey laffed an' squarled an' hollered
'Twell I frougt dey sho' would choke.

'Twernt nobody on de place,
Got a drap of sleep dat night
Ebery eye was so red nex' mornin'
Woulden a thought dey had a white.
Ol' Mar'ser he had gone to war,
So po' Mis'us she was lef'
Dout a soal fer to pectect hur
But her own po' measely sef'

Well I neber was so sorry
Fur a body in my life
As I was fur po' ol' Mis'us
She was scared as little mice.
Why de way she ran across de yard,
An' fell in Hanner's do'
Would of made you clar 'fore heben
Dat she'd los' hur reason sho'.

Scared po' Hanner twell she hollered,
Lowd enough to make you def'
Lawsy Mis'us w'ats de matter?
Why you don't look lik' yo' sef'
You am fraid about dem soldiers
'Twell you'se white as any sheet.
But don't worry honey
You jest lay you down an' sleep.

But as I has formost told you
'Twernt no sleep for us dat night,
We jest huddled up toget'er
Watching fur de morning light.
Well atlas' when mornin' came
An' de soldiers went away
Dey didn leave us vittles nough
To las us thro' one day.

But de Holy Father knowed,
An' he woulden let us starb,
So he sent us to a neighbor
Dat de soldiers didn't rob
An' so my story's ended
An' I aint gwine tell no mo,
So taint no use for to ax me
Cause my answer will be no.

The Pie That Sister Made.

Mamma was eating a pie one day,
And 'twas a fly in it.
She didn't know it and took a bite,
And down on the fly she bit.
My sister who made that pie was my mother's
pet,
But after mamma bit that pie, she was no
more, you bet.
My mother grabed a round out of the old arm-
chair
And on my poor sister's bones she took a
liberal share.

A Verse for Dark Days.

When the days are long and dreary,
And your soul is tired and weary,
And when your burdens seem too heavy to bear,
Just think of Jesus who is on the other side;
He is fixing you a home over there,
And remember this, that Jesus said, "Even
tho' I go away,
I will send my spirit down, so watch ye here
and pray."
So weary heart leap for joy, cease thy dark
dispair,
And think of Jesus who is on the other side,
He is fixing you a home over there.

The Night is Fast Approaching.

Why stand ye hear and idle,
When there's work enough to do,
And the night is fast approaching,
Soon the sun will be hid from view?

Why not work whilst the Sun doth warm thee,
For I warn you, it's beams will not last,
For the night is fast approaching
And this day with its beauty shall pass.

Cease plucking fading flowers,
Go! gather the golden grain
For the night is fast approaching,
When the idler shall be slain.

Shake thy lazy spirit,
Leap up in the strength of thy might,
For the night is fast approaching
And the world shall have no light.

Go work with faultless courage,
For the Master will pay thee well;
When the shadows of the black night falls,
He'll save thy soul from Hell.

Love and Hate.

Two daughters had mother wisdom—
The pride and joy of her life—
One was called Love and tenderness,
The other Hate and strife.

Love was the sweetest creature
That ever abounded on earth.
When the heart was filled with sorrow,
She would change it into mirth.

But Hate was indeed the vilest,
How poisenous was her breath.
She would crush the tender heart
Until it longed for death.

But when Hate has been abusing,
Love will always find a way
To sooth the tender aching heart,
And take Hate's thorn away.

Samson No. 2.

I's brave as de bravest,
I kin fight from sun to sun,
I can lick Jack Johnson—
Yes lick him till he runs.

But my jints is kinder stiff,
And I needs to limber up,
And I need a bit more practice,
On dem things called upper-cuts.

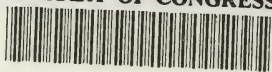
Everybody says dat Jack
Is mighty powerfull strong,
But I clair I could lick him
If he ever caughted me wrong.

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